

## Dripped in Wax.

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## Dripped in Wax.

by [dnfsinner](#)

### Summary

Dream tips the candle back up, letting the wax solidify on George's skin. "Was that okay?" he asks with great concern.

"Yes. God, fuck, yes," George whines, looking back to Dream. "Please, will you do it again?"

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Or, they were just best friends, failing to hide the fact that they were in love with each other.

### Notes

hi :D

this is 1k words of fluff and then 5k words of complete filth.

enjoy as my mental state as deteriorated from this.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The sun dips over the horizon, casting all sorts of shadows on the castle's walls.

And George, the king—ruler of all things, is basking in the remaining sunlight, staring off into the grassy, green field at the two figures that train with their swords.

It's nearly dusk; the birds that sing their sweet melodies throughout the day have already retreated to settle in their nests, crickets taking their place, buzzing quietly in the grass. The faint shards of swords scraping and hefty laughs float through the air, reaching the king's ears.

Dream and Sapnap, the more advanced knights of the castlery, had been training for hours, George only realizing their whereabouts when he went looking for Dream, wanting to have the company of the man. They usually wrap things up around this time, which is why George had come out here in the first place instead of waiting.

He sighs contently, crossing his arms over the top of the broken concrete that stretches across the surrounding land. The flame of the candle that flickers inside his lantern attracts pesky moths, but he pays no mind, his gaze focusing on the dirty blond's figure. The knights' are in their own conversation, too far out for George to place their voices, but he could make out the soft laughter of his beloved.

Dream's laugh makes George's lips tug up to a smile. The beautiful melody pulling at his heartstrings in all the right directions.

When Dream knocks Sapnap's sword from his hand, the man falling to his arse, staring up at the blond in disbelief, they call it quits, Dream helping his friend up.

As they make their way back to the skirts of the castle, Dream locks eyes with the king, face lighting up, and he waves at George. To say that they were best friends was an understatement, when in fact, they didn't know what they were. Because yes, they were friends, but their flirtatious banter and late-night dates—which they swear are just platonic hangouts—seem to prove otherwise.

Sapnap seems to say something to Dream, motioning to George as he speaks. The blond knight turns to him, and George could make out the faint '*really?*' as they get closer. Sapnap nods, smirking at the king before winking at him. George can only roll his eyes.

George grabs the handle of his lantern, quickly trudging through the grass to greet the men halfway, and immediately pulls his favorite knight into a hug.

"Why didn't you tell me you guys were going to practice?" asks George, pulling away, squinting at Sapnap. "I had to look everywhere for you."

"Sorry, George," Dream chuckles, hands twitching, wanting to reach out and bring George closer. "I was going to come to get you after, so we could head to our spot?"

Sapnap pretends to puke, teasing out, "God, you guys are so disgusting." Dream flicks out his hand

to hit his shoulder as George pretends to be offended.

“What do you even mean by that, Nick?” George laughs, pretends not to notice how he and Dream move closer to each other, pretends not to have butterflies when he reaches out, pulling him closer to Dream’s chest.

The knight rolls his eyes. “You know what I mean, George.”

Sapnap was one of the few people that the two men could be comfortable around. Not afraid to bicker back and forth with flirtatious slurs, not afraid to be touchy with each other or whisper sweet words laced with silk that make them turn red and embarrassed. Sapnap accepted them for, well, them because maybe he had his own thing going on with the castle chef.

“Whatever,” George sighs, knowing precisely what he was alluding to before craning his neck to look up at Dream. “Shall we head out?”

George doesn’t miss the way Dream’s eyes flicker down to his lips for a quick moment—something that he noticed a lot lately—before turning to Sapnap. They bicker back and forth about who will put up the armory until Sapnap, who grumbles in defeat, finally caves.

Dream lets go of George and loads Sapnap down with his equipment. “Thank you, mortal bitch.”

Sapnap mumbles a ‘*yeah, whatever,*’ before walking off into the night.

“You know,” George starts, watching as Sapnap disappears into the castle. “Sometimes, I feel bad for him having to deal with us.”

Dream pulls George close once again, gazing over the top of his crown. “I don’t.”

“Come on,” the king rolls his eyes, looking up with a smile. “Let’s go before it gets too dark.”

They walk through the forest, hands laced together as they step past a few ditches until they finally appear at ‘their’ spot. A small pond with green lily pads decorating the top of moseying water, surrounded by thin trees. It looked like something out of a fairytale, and it almost was.

A velvet blanket, worn by the weather, lay on the ground just by the edge of the pond. They sit, knees knocking together from the closeness. Sprinkles of sunlight shine on the golden crown that sits atop George’s head. He almost wishes he took it off before leaving the castle.

“This dumb crown is so annoying,” George huffs, tugging it from his head. He ruffles his hair, trying to rid the circular indentation he knows it left behind.

Dream stares admirably for a moment before grabbing the crown, placing it to rest on blond locks. “How do I look?”

He poses, George laughs beautifully. “I think you’d make a fitting king,” he says, seeing how the crown barely fit Dream’s head.

“You could be my queen.”

George rolls his eyes, a smile never faltering from his lips. The setting sun bathes his face with a golden hue, looking a little *too* pretty for Dream to lay his eyes upon, and he can’t help himself when his hand comes up to cup George’s jaw, holding his face like it was glass, and he kisses the king.

It resembles something akin to loving passion, and it doesn't even catch George off guard. Instead, he just kisses Dream back. And by the time they leave, hand in hand, their hearts swelling with joy, they've confessed their sins, laying them down at the altar.

When they're back in the comfort of the king's room, Dream is sitting in the middle of the bed while George gets ready for bed, slipping in a long-sleeved top and undergarments that barely cover anything. They share tender jokes and sweet laughs.

From the mirror of the dresser, George could see the hungry stare that Dream gives him, eyeing his thighs with certainty. It makes him feel baffled, arousal creeping up George's spine as his desires flush forward, self-restraint slipping from his grasps as he makes his way over to the bed.

"I have a question," the king says, crawling in Dream's lap.

The PDA isn't unusual for them.

"Go ahead, my dear."

"If I asked you to," the king whispers, words slipping from his tongue with a dangerous lure. "Would you ruin me?"

The question lingers in the air, catching the knight off guard. It's met with deafening silence as Dream stares wondrously at the king's face, flicking his gaze down to his lips ever so often.

George's lips are bitten raw, a bashful red painting over what was previously beautiful pink. Red fits George the best, Dream thinks, wanting to bite at his lips until they ooze a liquid crimson, and in the morning, they'd be a delicate purple, bruised and damaged.

Dream brings a hand to cup George's face, the warmth of his cheeks encasing Dream's palm. "I would ruin you without you having to ask."

"Dream—"

"Call me Clay," Dream requests, tilting the other's chin up. "Please."

George breathes out, "Clay." He rakes his eyes across Dream's face, following the freckles down to luscious lips. "Clay," he says again, pinching on the edge of a breathy whine. "Clay, Clay, Clay."

It sounds like an extravagant melody, the beauty of the king's accented voice reaching Dream's ears with gentle grace. The male that sits before Dream's lap, straddling his thighs with ease, looks ravishing, and Dream would love nothing more but to melt him down, have him moaning like it's the only thing he knows how to do.

"I love it when you say my name," Dream draws out, kneading at the bottom of George's lip with a thumb. Cabbage butterflies spur throughout his stomach when George opens his mouth, hesitantly wrapping his lips around Dream's thumb.

"You're so ethereal," Dream mumbles, the warm light of the candles that litter through the room molding a golden hue on alabaster skin.

George hums at the compliment, burnt umber boring into Dream's skin, casting a spell on his soul that echoes George's name over and over. Dream pulls his thumb from George, the pollux glistening with saliva, which Dream smears over George's lips.

They were wrong. It was strictly forbidden for a man to tangle up with another man, and as the king, ruler of all things, George should enforce this. But he can't, happening to fall traitor to his father's rules.

"Please," George implores, hips rolling against Dream. "Ruin me, Clay."

"Are you sure?"

George reiterates, "Yes. God, yes. I *want* you to—"

George barely had the time to finish his sentence before Dream surged him forward by his jaw, savagely pressing their lips together. It caught George off guard for a moment, his shoulders tensing before immediately lulling, melting into the kiss as Dream licked into his mouth, tongue flavored with fresh mint.

It was hot with fire, threatening to turn malicious with every second that passed. George threaded dainty fingers through Dream's hair, tilting Dream's head back as he pressed harder. A soft moan escaped the hollow of George's throat, pulling harder at dark blond locks as his hips rolled without intent.

Dream glides a hand down to the king's neck, curling his fingers, and smiles tenderly against George's lips at the hushed whimper that wavers in the air. He pulls back. George is desperate to chase him but is restrained by Dream's hand, indirectly applying pressure to the canvas of his throat.

"Clay," he whines, fisting his hands in Dream's hair in hopes for the other to kiss him again.

"Do you like this, baby?" Dream hums, applying pressure to the sides of George's neck, relishing the way George gasps and bites his lips, his eyes rolling back. "My hand around your throat?"

George feverishly nods. "Y-Yes. It, It feels so good." His hands move to grip Dream's shoulders, bunching the fabric of his shirt.

George feels his breath slipping away from him, the lack of oxygen coating his brain, but it feels so, so good. Tremors of pleasure warp through George's body, settling in the pit of his stomach with fervid arousal. When Dream lets up, reducing the pressure but not his hand, George silently begs for Dream to coerce his breathing once more.

Dream smirks. "It looks like it does, doll."

"Please," George purrs and digs his nails into Dream's shoulders. "Do it...Do it again."

Dream succumbed, pressing once again on the rapture of George's throat, only now more concentrated. George let out a strangled moan, doubling over as pleasure overtakes him once more.

George had never known that something so cruel as cutting off someone's airflow could feel so desirable. But now that he has it, George would never get enough of it, especially when it's at the hands of Dream.

Dream revels in the small whimpers George let out when he tightens his hand. George curls his left hand around Dream's wrist, barely being able to wrap his fingers around it due to its size.

Dream watches as the man trembles with pleasure, and when his desires get the best of him, he pulls George forward to a fierce kiss, hand fleeing from his neck to fiddle with the drawstrings of

George's sleep-wear—to be frank, it was actually Dream's, but no one was in the right mind to notice it.

The kiss was relenting. Dream kissed George like a bedlamite, from licking at the underside of George's teeth to biting at plush lips—Dream was serious about biting George's lips until they bled.

Dream parts, pulling the silk top off from George's fragile body, tossing it to the side carelessly. He licks his lips as he stares at the empty canvas that is George's body. He wants to mark it up, paint George's hips with bruises in the shape of his hands. Wants George to have *something* to remind him of what Dream did to him, something George can reminisce about when Dream is on duty.

Dream drifts his fingers along George's chest, and it felt as though they were burning his skin, leaving cardinal red tracks in their wake. Dream pinches a nipple between index and thumb fingers, watching George with the intent of seeing his reaction. The corner of Dream's mouth twitches into a smirk as he sees George close his eyes, and his jaw falls agape, a breathy moan slipping sweetly into the air.

“Are you sensitive, Georgie?” Dream asks, feeling how the king's thighs tremble from the teasing.

George nods, gasping when Dream flicks at the perky bud. At the confirmation, Dream blows cool air to the other bud, smiling evilly before taking it to his mouth, teeth gently grazing the sensitive skin. George is thriving from the attention, little whimpers leaving his throat as Dream's tongue and fingers work at his nipples with expertise.

The feeling of Dream's tongue swirling around his sensitive buds has George reeling with arousal, dick growing in his undergarments.

Dream delivers small pecks up George's sternum to his neck, the blond moving his hand up to cup George's jaw, tilting his head to the side to give himself more access to the skin before him. He ghosts his lips on the expanse of George's neck, his breath catching in his throat when Dream attacks the skin.

Dream pulls the skin between his teeth, sucking pink blemishes that will be a bruising mulberry color come sunrise. He hardly leaves many, knowing that George still was the king and that he couldn't mark George's neck the way he wants to. But as for the rest of his body, it was practically free soil to Dream.

George goes to tug at the hem of Dream's shirt, wanting it off, desperate to see what Dream looked like without anything to cover him. Every time he'd watch Dream practice with his sword, hefty armor protecting his body, George could only imagine how the muscles would flex with every movement. Dream seems to notice how he struggles, helping the other tear the fabric from his body.

Once the garment is gone, George's hands are immediately on Dream's body, running his hands up and down toned abs, which are barely visible but are still there. He leans down to press open-mouthed kisses across Dream's chest, hands sliding down to tamper with linen pants; however, Dream stops him.

“Not yet, sweetheart,” Dream murmurs, pulling George's hands from his lower regions. “I'd like to do something first.”

George pouts, accent thick as he spoke. “Like what?”

Dream smiles sinfully, hooking his hands under George's thighs, and flips them over. George's head hits plush pillows, dark hair sprawling in all kinds of directions from impact. It's still a wondrous sight to see George without a jewel-encrusted crown atop his head, almost making it seem like he wasn't a king at all.

And at this very moment, he isn't.

Because right now, with cheeks painted with a dark blush that cascades down his neck, with his hair a mess, and his cock straining in his pants, George is at Dream's complete mercy. Dream has all the power, and it didn't matter if George was a king or not.

"Do you trust me?" the knight asks, hands coming down rest on George's stomach. He takes note of how one of his palms takes up half of the surface.

George nods.

"I need a verbal response, darling."

"Yes," the king whispers. "I trust you with my life."

Dream smiles, reaching out for the table set beside the bed that housed a white candle. The flame quietly flickers as Dream moves it above George's body. "Shall I continue?"

George swallows thickly, eyeing the rustic, circular metal encasing of the candle. He's never done anything like this—hell, he has never had sex before—but he is intrigued by the idea of having wax be dripped down the collum of his chest and stomach. It bloomed Poppy's in his chest.

"You shall."

Dream is ambivalent about tilting the molded iron but does it anyway. And when hot, white liquid drips onto alabaster skin, just above the king's belly button, the reaction is instantaneous.

George's back arches with a beautiful curve, hands fisting at the sheets as he throws his head back, a strangled moan slipping past his lips. The wax burns with a peculiar sting. It doesn't hurt per se because it feels fucking incredible, but it's new.

Dream tips the candle back up, letting the wax solidify on George's skin. "Was that okay?" he asks with great concern.

"Yes. God, fuck, yes," George whines, looking back to Dream. "Please, will you do it again?"

Dream doesn't hesitate this time, pouring the wax over George's chest, his nipples, which George keens at, mouth drooping in a high-pitched moan. Dream continues to run it in a straight line until the wax runs out, stopping just before his v-line, the liquid pooling in the crevice of his hip before quickly drying.

It was one of the most beautiful sights ever to grace Dream's eyes.

Dream brings the candle back to its home on the table, using a thumb to press on the warm wax that coaxes George's nipples. "Do you want more?" he asks, scraping his nails to peel some of the wax from George's body. "More than just this, I mean."

George doesn't have to think about his reply, already knowing what his answer will be. He reaches out, yanking Dream down by his bicep to bring him close.

“I want you, Clay, ” George whispers, breath grazing the skin of Dream’s lips. “I’m yours for you to do whatever you please.”

Translucent desire surges through the marrow of Dream’s bones. Every thought being processed is controlled by his dick—which seems to like the idea of using George a bit *too* much—rather than his brain. George leans up to his ear, mumbling quiet words that has Dream squeezing out a growl.

“Make me scream your name,” the king says, the slip of his tongue dripping with honey and poison. “Until the town knows who you are.”

Intoxicating, venomous, and it swallows Dream whole.

Dream snaps his hand up to George’s neck, curling fingers around the hollow of his throat, and shoves him down into the pillows. If it weren’t for the un-earthly sick smile George offered up immediately upon impact, Dream would have felt bad for treating the fragile king so harshly.

“For a king,” Dream murmurs, hand tightening benignly. “You have such a filthy mouth,”

Dream could feel the king’s heartbeat minutely under his fingertips. It flutters incessantly, never faltering its pace. And it feels quaint, the pulse reminding Dream that George was real, that *this* was all real, and it wasn’t just a figment of his imagination. George was underneath him, and he wanted Dream just as badly as Dream wanted him.

“You like it,” George bites back.

His hand wraps around the wrist that connects to his throat, nails digging at the hard surface of the bone, creating crescent-shaped marks that will heal within minutes. George had begun to grow his nails out after Dream had expressed his liking towards them. Something about loving the way they barely grazed his scalp whenever George played with his hair.

Dream leans down, kissing the skin of George’s chest, the hand around his throat now working on peeling the wax from George’s body. He wasn’t able to get all of it, but it was enough to give him access to the more sensitive parts.

Dream immediately laves his tongue around one of George’s nipples, pulling the soft skin between his teeth, and sucks, drawing out pretty moans from the man underneath him. George is writhing, threading his fingers through Dream’s hair while he works at his sensitive bud, twisting the strands ever so softly. Heat pools in George’s gut as Dream bites him.

“Fuck! What the hell was that for?” George hisses, pulling Dream from his chest.

The blond had a stupid grin plastered on his face, lips glistening with spit. “Wanted to,” is all Dream says before going back to kissing the king’s skin, leaving his nipples alone for now.

He peppers down, ghosting his lips across fair skin as he travels just below George’s belly button. Dream flicks his gaze back up to George, catching the way the man’s pupils dilate in a sea of umber. His index fingers hook under the band of undergarments, pulling them down past the fat of George’s thighs, down the length of his legs until they no longer are a part of his body.

His cock springs free of the confinements, long, pale, pretty, and Dream’s mouth waters, saliva gathering under his tongue. George leaks on his stomach, pretty pink tip oozing with precum that glistens from the candle-lit room.

Dream inhales, coating his lips with spit before shifting around until he’s laying on his stomach, head situated between George’s thighs and feet dangling off the edge of the bed. He nibbles



hungrily at the inside of George's thigh, rolling the skin between his teeth and speckles pink blotches on the flesh.

George gasps out, whining in pleasurable pain when Dream fucking *bites* him, doing everything but drawing blood. And George knows there will be a mark in the shape of Dream's teeth when the sun rises and the birds sing out their praise.

It almost feels selfish to want more, to *want* Dream to draw blood, but George could care less. He's always been a fairly selfish person.

Dream holds George's thighs open, strong hands squeezing the fat as the skin turns white in the shape of his hands before fading to its original color. He eye's the curve of George's cock, watching it twitch in delight before looking up to find George staring at him with wide, submissive eyes, almost begging for Dream just to hurry up and *do something*. His chest heaves, hands on either side of his head, fingers fisting at the pillow.

Dream licks a long stride up to the head of the cock. His eyes stay put on George's face, chest blooming with pride as George's eyelashes flutter closed, mouth parting as a breathless noise escapes. Dream wraps his lips around the tip, hollows his cheeks as precum drips on his tongue instead of skin.

George let his fingers catch onto the corners of the pillowcase, gripping it as if his life depended on it, and tilted his head back, a low moan catching in his chest. His thighs threaten to close, and Dream turns his grip to the back of George's knees, hands big enough to hold his legs open with ease.

Dream pulls off George's cock with a slick *pop* before flattening his tongue, laving over the frenulum. A loud whine and jumbled curses float out into the air, a hand flinging out to tangle in Dream's hair. Dream squeezed his own hands, a silent request for George to keep his legs open before moving to rest them on bony hips.

Dream's mouth is warm, sliding down the shaft until he takes George to the hilt, his cock pulsing at the back of Dream's throat. His tongue curls on the underside of George's dick, and spit begins to spill down his chin.

George tries to buck his hips, but firm hands hold him down with a bruising grip, pinning him there, making him take whatever Dream gives him at whatever pace he wants to go.

*Do it again, and I'll make you wait all night*, Dream wanted to say, but he doesn't.

Incoherent begs of '*please*' and '*more*' fall from George's pretty lips, and Dream decides to stop practically cockwarming the poor fellow. He tightens his lips around George's cock, hollows his cheeks, and slowly, *slowly* pulled up, teeth barely grazing the skin. It was like he wanted George to feel how his lips drag up every inch of him, wanted George to be a wreck from just his mouth alone.

Dream gazes up at George catching the moment he bites at his bottom lip, pearly, sharp canines tearing at the skin with unyielding pressure. The smallest amount of blood oozes from the tear, and Dream wants nothing more but to kiss it from his lips. Wanted to taste the metallic liquid mixed with salty precum and spit.

Dream drags his lips to the head of George's cock, lapping his tongue to the right of the tip, pulling off to swallow his spit before he was taking George back into his mouth, bobbing his head without forgiveness.

George's thighs wrap around Dream's neck, heels digging into the middle of his back, and his moans gradually become louder and louder. Dream had always imagined this exact scenario: George's thighs wrapped around his head while he worked his mouth at the length of George's cock. And boy, was he living for it.

George's hold on Dream's hair becomes tighter, nails grazing his scalp, sending a shiver down the knight's spine as he pulls at dark blond strands, his thighs tensing around Dream's head.

"Clay," George gasps, heels fucking plowing in Dream's back. "'M gonna cum—"

Dream tightens his lips again, using the slight scrape of his teeth to push George over the edge. The coil in George's stomach fucking snapped, muscles tensing as his back arched off the bed. And Dream felt it, fucking *felt* how George's cock pulsed in his mouth. Felt when cum shot down his throat with a sickening sweet taste. Felt the way George's thighs trembled around his head as he came.

And George felt it, too.

His orgasm washes through his body with vigor, eyes rolling so far back that he swears he saw white. And Dream doesn't stop. Instead, he continues to swallow the king's cock, the palms of his hands digging into George's hips with bruising force, holding him in place, forcing him to take the overstimulation.

"C-Clay—fuck—no, no more," George whines lowly. "Please, I can't."

Dream smirks to the best of his ability, pulling off of George's cock with a *pop*. He swallows again, the taste of semen favoring his taste buds.

George's hand falters in his hair, the one that crinkled up the corner of the poor pillow coming to cup Dream's face, pulling him up from the space between his thighs. Spit and cum spill from Dream's mouth, slipping down his chin, and the king thumbs at it gingerly. The same boy who had kissed him with a loving passion back in the forest just had his face between his thighs, sucking him off. It honestly gives him whiplash.

Dream allows himself to be pulled into a kiss, groaning when he *finally* tastes the blood that had oozed from the king's lips minutes prior. And George savors the flavor of his cum on Dream's mouth and tongue.

"I want you to fuck me," George whispers, kissing down to Dream's jaw. "Ruin me."

And Dream has never been one to say no to George.

"Where is the lube?" the knight asks.

"In, In the dresser, bottom drawer."

The bed creaks under Dream's weight as he stands, quickly rushing over to the dresser. He rummages through the drawer, searching for the small vial of lube in its contents. A grin slides its way on his face when he finds it, fingers wrapping around the vial before he kicks the drawer shut with his foot, tossing the glass bottle on the bed.

He shuffles back over to George, hands working to untie the drawstring of his pants, slipping them down, and kicks them to the side. Dream sees the shock that washes over George's face because *how the hell could someone's dick be that big?*

George swallows thickly. “Will...Will you even fit?”

Dream smirks, returning to sit on his knees between George’s thighs. “I’ll make it fit, sweetheart.”

George looks at him with wide eyes. The quick image of Dream splitting him open on his cock flashes through his mind, arousal rushing to his flaccid dick. Dream fumbles with lube for a moment, admiring how pretty the bottle is. Golden amber swirls wrap around the glass in a floral design, and a small, black chain is screwed into the top, allowing for easy access to the substance.

The knight pulls at the chain, the cork of the bottle comes out with a soft, echoey *pop*, and he tilts the glass, pouring a generous amount of liquid onto three of his fingers. The king watches as he leans over to place the vial next to the candle, guiding his hand down to circle his middle finger around the rim of George’s hole.

“Are you ready?”

George nods, letting Dream manhandle one of his thighs, bending it to give him better access. It was the perfect angle for Dream to push past the tight muscle, sinking down to the first knuckle. Dream watched as his face twisted in discomfort, waited a moment until slipping to the second. And it wasn’t that George hadn’t done this before because he has. But it was that Dream’s fingers were so much bigger than George’s, and one of Dream’s felt like two of his own.

He could only *assume* that Dream’s cock would tear him apart.

Ever so gently—too gently in George’s opinion—Dream thrust the finger in and out, wanting to moan at how *tight* he was, imagining how tight he would be stretched beautifully around his cock.

“Please,” George hisses, hands fisting the sheets. “Please don’t treat me like I’ll break,” he grinds down on Dream’s finger. “I *want* you to hurt me, Clay.”

Dream curls his finger, barely grazing George’s prostate as the masochistic beg floats to his ears. Heat envelops his body, cock twitching at the sound of George practically begging for Dream to hurt him.

“*Fuck*,” Dream huffs.

A second finger lines up with George’s fluttering hole, inching inside. George whimpers, feeling the way Dream stretches him open, as if he was made for it. Dream spreads his fingers apart, scissoring him open without enough mercy as the hand around his thigh presses down, nails digging into the fat relentlessly. He eyes the bite mark that he had previously left. It’s puffy, red, and slightly turning purple from the indentation of his teeth.

“I got you good, didn’t I?” Dream teases, making a mental note to put cream on it when they’re done before using the nail of his thumb to dig into the bite.

George moans louder than he has all night, both from pain and pleasure, as Dream rubs his prostate. And he does it again, and again, and again. Hitting in all the right places with each thrust of his fingers. George is fucking mewling at the way Dream fills him up with only two digits, begging for another within seconds. And Dream gives it to him.

His cock is hard again, twitching and leaking with every drag of Dream’s slick fingers. And George feels so full already, pushing his ass down in time with Dream’s strong thrusts, moaning loudly with every massage of his prostate.

George motions to his neck, a pathetic attempt in asking for Dream’s hands around his throat, as he

couldn't make out any words, moans constantly being tugged from his chest. The knight smirks at the man's feeble efforts, dropping his thigh to the side, hand gliding up to curve around his throat. Dream squeezes the sides, loving the way George's eyes roll to the back of his head, and his moans become breathy.

"Please," his voice is weak, nothing more than a faint whisper. "Want you—" he huffs, "Want you inside."

And Dream didn't need any more convincing than that, slowing his pace before completely pulling his fingers out of George, removing his hand from his neck to grab the vial of lube. George ruts into the air, feeling empty as Dream lathers his cock with a generous amount of lube. Even though he knew George would like the pain of the stretch, he didn't want to make the man downright tear.

He struggles to put the cork back onto the bottle, huffing in annoyance as it finally slipped in. Dream tosses it to the side, wiping his hand clean on the sheets—the servants would clean them tomorrow anyway—and tugs George down the bed, lining his cock up with his entrance.

"Ready?"

George feverishly nods. "Yes, I want it so badly."

That was all the encouragement Dream needed to press the tip of his head inside, shuddering at the tight heat that wraps around his cock. He goes slow at first, letting George adjust to the large intrusion that threatens to split him open with unrelenting wrath. Too slow, though, as George hooks his leg around Dream's waist, pulling him forward until his hips are flush with his ass.

Dream leans down, face burrowing in the crook of his king's neck, relishing the small whimpers he lets out.

"Feel so full..." George moans. "Please, move."

Dream obliges, leaning up and pulling out just enough for the tip to tease at the inside of the fluttering rim before slamming back inside. And George fucking *screams*, the head of his cock hitting in all of the right places. Dream repeats the same movements, again and again, the king stumbling out words along the lines of '*harder.*' And boy, does Dream deliver.

Dream fucks him so, so well. His cock never fails to drag in all the right spots. He knew exactly what to do to make George scream his name, knew how to make George feel overwhelmed with pleasure. George didn't care to understand how Dream was so experienced. Maybe he was just a natural. But if there was one thing he knew, it was that he *could not* get enough of Dream's cock.

Spit begins to lather from George's mouth as he forgets to do a simple task such as swallowing, and his nails scratch at Dream's back, leaving unforgiving tears in the skin that begin to bleed, but Dream could care less. Mind-set on fucking George like his life depends on it.

It doesn't take long until George is spilling all over himself, cum painting his stomach white. And somehow, his moans get increasingly louder, either from Dream's cock, the overstimulation or just simply both.

He writhes against the bed, nails digging into Dream's shoulders, leaving crescent-shaped moons in his skin. And it hurt so well, spent, flaccid cock twitching as it lay on his stomach, and George didn't know if he should beg for more or to stop. But he knew he never wanted this feeling to go away, no matter how good or bad it was.

Dream leans down to capture George's lips in a sloppy kiss neither of them could keep up with, grunting softly as his hips stutter with vigor and he fills George with his cum.

His pace begins to slow as he fucks himself through his orgasm until his movements cease completely, the only noises heard being heavy breathing and small whimpers as they come down from artificial paradise. They're both spent, George sorer than he probably should've been, and he whines for Dream to pull out, the soft twitching of Dream's cock making him shiver with sensitivity.

Cum and lube spill out of George's ass, dripping onto the sheets, and Dream just watches, using a thumb to push the residue back inside, laughing softly as George whimpers.

"Sorry," he mumbles.

Dream grabs one of the many pillows, tugging off the pillowcase, using it to clean the other's stomach and ass despite the whines of protest.

"Stop moving, sweetheart,"

George shakes his head. "S-Sensitive."

"I know, darling. But you know you'll be upset with me in the morning if I don't this now."

George huffs and lets Dream clean him up, watching him with a gaze that can only be described as gentle admiration. He hisses when Dream brushes the cloth over his dick, the knight laughing out a quick sorry, to which the king replied with a giggle.

Dream throws the pillowcase to the floor. His foot accidentally kicks the lube as he moves, the glass vial shattering as it hits the ground.

"Fucking hell," Dream groans, annoyance tangling his voice.

George tugs him down, "Just leave it, Dream. We can get it in the morning."

And Dream listens, sighing as they slip under dirty sheets, George cuddling up to his knight's chest, not caring if the servants find them in bed together in the morning. Because what could they do about it?

After all, George is the king—ruler of all things.

End Notes

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